

THE DICKENSIAN

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and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

THE *Pickwick* Exhibition which was opened on July 22 by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., with Mr. Arthur Waugh officiating as chairman, has already proved to be one of the important events of the London season. On another page we deal with it from a general point of view, whilst the whole of our present number is devoted to articles and illustrations on the book itself. Special interest will attach to the reprint of the criticism from *The Eclectic Review* of March, 1837, in which the writer makes some remarks which read a little curiously at this period of the book's history.

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The Exhibition is a wonderful testimony of what a wonderful book the *Pickwick Papers* is. What other book is there round which it would be possible to collect nearly seven hundred items bearing directly upon it? And to collect them in so short a time as this Exhibition has taken to get together? The greater part are of a pictorial nature, which therefore makes it a pleasanter task to view than if one only had the backs or title-pages of books to look at. But the books themselves, comprising editions of *Pickwick*, books upon it, and lives of the author, form no inconsiderable part of the Exhibition. They are in glass cases, with the peculiar characteristic of each, when possible, made prominent. The catalogue supplies the bibliographical and historical detail.

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Although we leave the recommendation of the catalogue to other pens than ours, we may at least be allowed to counsel every admirer of the *Pickwick Papers* and its author to study Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's article entitled "Pickwick the Immortal," which serves as an introduction to it. It is in many respects a remarkable article, and has already been quoted in scores of papers throughout the country, and there is no doubt it will be referred to again and again. It alone makes the catalogue of real permanent value.

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Traces of *The Dickensian* are to be found in unexpected places. A biography of Cardinal Henry Stuart, Duke of York, the younger brother of Prince Charles Edward, has recently appeared under the title of the "The Last of the Royal Stuarts." The author, Mr. Herbert Vaughan, gives a short account of the Chevalier Watson, who was secretary to Lord George Gordon, and cites the article on "Gashford and his Prototype," by Mr. Lovat-Fraser, in *The Dickensian* for February, 1906, as one of his authorities.

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The publication of the new Dickens dictionary announced by Messrs. Routledge, which is being compiled by Mr. Alex.

J. Philip, has been postponed in order to allow of the inclusion of the recently discovered new matter, which will be published in February next for the first time. Mr. Philip is acting wisely in withholding his book in order to make it complete. The volume will contain the whole of the characters and the scenes of the novels and miscellaneous works, in one alphabetical order, described by apt quotations, a brief *résumé* of the career of each character of importance (and, where possible, the prototype will be described), a brief synopsis of each novel, and an introductory essay on Dickens as a topographical writer. If all this is comprehensively done it should be a work of great value.

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In connection with the Gravesend Branch an outing will take place on Wednesday, August 14, 1907. Brakes will leave the "Old Prince of Orange" at 2.15 for Gad's Hill House, the study and grounds of which will be open for inspection, by kind permission of Mr. F. L. Latham, the present owner. A halt will be made at Shorne Church, after which the party will proceed to Cobham, where the church and colleges will be visited. Tea will be provided at the "Leather Bottle," after which a short entertainment will be given. Tickets (inclusive), members 3s. 3d., non-members 3s. 6d.; (not including brake), all tickets 1s. 9d. These must be obtained on or before Monday, August 12, from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Horatio A. Waldegrave, 144, Parrock Street, Gravesend.

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Gravesend has followed the fashion, and given its pageant, and can be credited with something in the way of novelty. The locality of the Thames-side town (says the *Kentish Mercury*) is largely associated with the life of the great author. Through it he used to drive almost daily when in residence at Gad's Hill. The pageant, which took place recently, depicted no less than 120 of the characters immortalized in Charles Dickens's works. It was a faithful representation; indeed, for perfection of detail it could not have been well surpassed. The robust figure of Pickwick, the lank, obsequious character of Uriah Heep, the pathetic picture of Little Nell, and so on, were all there as though they had stepped out of the books. There was naturally nothing of the glamour attached to modern pictorial representations; it was a sombre but truthful portrayal of characters that lived half a century ago, that live to-day—and will live for aye.

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Mr. Comyns Carr's adaptation of *Oliver Twist* has been done into French by M. Pierre Décourcelle, and is shortly to be produced by M. Gémier at the Théâtre Antoine. Londoners will also shortly have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Carr's long-talked-of *Drood* play, wherein it is promised he will present quite a new theory regarding the mystery. Mr. Tree is to play Jasper. There are to be vivid pictures of the squalid opium-den in the East End, of Rochester Cathedral and crypt, of the dinner-party at Jasper's, and of a musical evening at Miss Twinkleton's Academy.

THE EDITOR.

THE PICKWICK EXHIBITION

WE suppose there are few books in the language that would lend themselves to an exhibition of the scope now being held at the New Dudley Gallery, 169, Piccadilly, W., in connection with the immortal *Pickwick Papers*. We doubt if there is any book as popular, in the same sense as the *Pickwick Papers* is popular, for most persons know its contents from personal acquaintance, and the few who have not yet dipped into its pages know the names and peculiarities of the chief characters as if they were everyday people. The idea of getting together under one roof everything possible that the book has inspired is one that must appeal to every class and every phase of every class of the English-speaking world. Therefore this exhibition is not only unique in what it exhibits, but unique so far as the huge community to which it must appeal.

At the opening ceremony on July 22 there was a large gathering. Mr. Arthur Waugh was in the chair, and those present included Mrs. Henry F. Dickens, Miss Olive Dickens, Miss Elaine Dickens, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. Oscar Browning, Mr. Francesco Berger, and others.

In declaring the Exhibition open, Mr. T. P. O'Connor referred to the history of the book, and spoke of what he called one of the most absurd legends that had grown round the origin of *Pickwick*, namely, the claim of Seymour's widow that her husband really originated the book. Whenever he read complaints of the want of originality in certain of the great writers he wondered if people knew the difference between the effect as it was represented in mere prose by an ordinary writer and the effect illuminated by a great genius. Any one who said that Dickens could get inspiration from anybody which was not more than a thousand times repaid by the illumination of his own genius did not know the difference between ordinary prosaic writing and the work of genius. Mr. O'Connor told the always interesting story of how 400 copies of No. 1 of *Pickwick* were expected to mark the high-water mark of its sales, how not a £10 note was spent in preliminary advertising, and of how, with the advent of Sam Weller in the fifth number, the circulation rose by leaps and bounds, until 40,000 copies of the fifteenth part were sold. There were few instances in history of genius so equipped and so complete at so early an age. *Pickwick* did many things for the world, and especially for the world of England. It realized to England a good deal of England herself. He always thought that one of the best things about the book was that it gave a real, life-like picture of the most misunderstood of human beings, the typical John Bull. We counted some of the pleasures of life quite easily, but who could ever measure the debt we owed to the men like Charles Dickens, who gave us for all time pages which made all the world beautiful and glad.

A glance through the catalogue will indicate the extent of the exhibition and the intrinsic value of the exhibits. Indeed, everything has a value, from the child's scrap of Sam Weller to the original drawing by "Phiz" of the famous trial scene, from the

penny edition of the book to the scarce first edition in parts; from the play bill of the first play, which was performed before the book was finished, to the MS. copy of the last adaptation recently played. The items which have no intrinsic value seemingly are equally interesting with those that have. Yet those advertisement posters of some one's blacking, in which the figure of Sam Weller is seen polishing away at number nine's boots, down to the latest newspaper cuttings, where the same worthy is depicted giving advice on the buying of linoleum, metal polish, or cigarettes, contribute to no mean extent to the success and interest of the show.

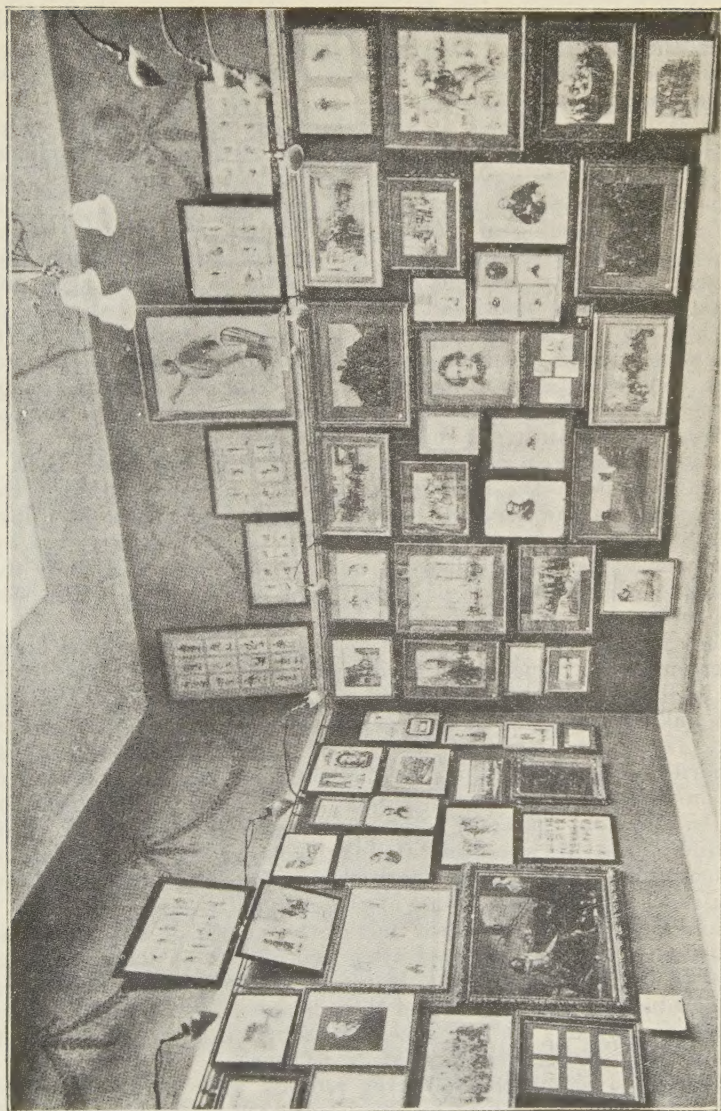
Nothing has escaped the promoters. Their laudable attempt to get together every edition of the book possible has met with surprising success. Besides the current English ones, there are editions in German, French, Swedish, Russian, Bohemian, shorthand, Danish, Dutch; American pirated editions; editions published in India, Van Diemen's Land, and out-of-the-way places; about one hundred in all, varying from one penny to an almost perfect copy of the original in parts, as issued. If proof were wanted of the popularity of the book, it would be found in the fact that nearly half of these editions are in circulation at the present time. Dozens of volumes have been written on the history and the various phases of the book, and many others have been out of it. These all find a place in the collection, as well as contemporary reviews of the book.

The section of the exhibition devoted to plays is as curious as it is interesting, for it not only includes almost all the plays the book has inspired, but includes very scarce and valuable play bills, posters, advertisements, and portraits of the actors. Some copies of the former are autograph ones. In this department are also included songs and other musical items. All the plagiarisms, continuations, and parodies are there, most of which are valueless from a literary point of view, but priceless almost as curiosities.

One of the most attractive features is, of course, the collection of pictures illustrating the book. These range from children's scraps to elaborate and valuable oil paintings. Every conceivable artist has had, apparently, a desire to picture the humour of the greatest of humorous books, and most have satisfied that desire. And here, under one roof, can be seen the result of their work. First of all, there is a complete set of the "Phiz" engravings; then those by Crowquill, Heath, Onwhyn, Gibson, Gilbert, Nast, Darley, Kyd, Barnard, Frost, and many others. In several cases the committee have been successful in their efforts to obtain the original paintings and drawings, and the whole makes a veritable picture gallery of Pickwickiana never likely to be seen together again, including an original drawing by "Phiz."

Amongst miscellaneous items there are to be found such curiosities as a picture of the "Profeel Macheen" referred to by the inimitable Sam, and also advertisements of the "Gas microscope magnifying six million times," which that worthy must have had in his mind when giving his evidence at the trial, and also a picture of the very article—all contemporary with the book.

The collection of mementos and relics is full of interest. The



A CORNER OF THE PICKWICK EXHIBITION

[Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.]

Moses Pickwick screen from Bath, actual signs from Pickwickian inns, Pickwickian pipes, mugs, Toby jugs, cigars and cigarettes, cups, saucers, plates, plaques, pens, stationery, card games, match-boxes, and sundials. The actual steel plates etched by "Phiz" for the illustrations of the book, and the lithographic stones from which the pictures to "Pickwick Abroad" were printed also find place in this section, and many other valuable exhibits too numerous to mention.

There is a large series of advertisements and posters in which Pickwickian characters figure, ancient and modern, and a complete set of photographic topographical views of places and scenes, and numerous contemporary engravings of the same.

Under the heading of "Portraits, Plaques, and Busts" in the catalogue, will be found models of Pickwick and his friends, and something like fifty portraits of their creator at different ages, and others inseparably associated with the book, the most valuable of which is the original of Dickens, by Samuel Laurence, in water-colour and crayon, with the artist's signature and date. This was given to Dickens's sister Fanny, on the occasion of her marriage with Mr. Henry Burnett. The exhibition also includes the various "Lives" of the author, numbering over fifty.

It is impossible in a single article to deal in any other than a general way with the exhibition, to mention but a tithe of the curious and unique items included in it, or to name those who have contributed to its success. There can be no question as to the interest and value of the collection, and any one who will study the catalogue will see for him or herself that nothing like it has been held before or is quite likely to be held again.

The catalogue is no mere list of exhibits. It is, the editors hope, something to be valued from a bibliographical point of view, for it will be found to contain notes and comments on most of the items, thus making it of value to all who continue to derive endless amusement from the immortal book. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, whose authority on Pickwick cannot be challenged, writes a long introduction on the book's history, which alone is worth the shilling asked for it. In addition, there are eight illustrations showing the work of the different artists who illustrated the book, a facsimile of a page of the manuscript, a map of the six Pickwickian tours, whilst the cover is an exact reproduction of one of the original covers.

The exhibition will be open during the month of August. The admission is one shilling, and after two o'clock on Saturdays sixpence to the general public. Members of the Dickens Fellowship will be admitted on production of their membership card after seven o'clock on any day for sixpence. Season tickets, to admit to all lectures and recitals, are issued at 7s. 6d. each.

During the season the following recitals and lectures will be given:—August 1, Lecture by Mr. G. K. Chesterton; August 14, Recitals by Mr. Frank Speaight; August 21, Lantern Lecture on "Pickwick Localities" by Mr. H. Snowden Ward; August 22, Recitals by Mr. William Miles. Further lectures and recitals will be announced in the daily Press.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

A CONTEMPORARY REVIEW *

BOZ is already favourably known to the public by his sketches, first inserted in the *Morning Chronicle*. The present work will certainly not diminish his reputation; we are much mistaken if it do not add to it.

It would be somewhat difficult to determine that precise *species* of the very extensive genus of fictitious publications to which the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club ought to be referred. Though the principal characters bear us company all the way along, there seems to be no "regular plot," in the ordinary sense of those words. In works of fiction which *have* such a plot, or at least which *adhere* to it, all the principal scenes and events have a manifest reference to the catastrophe. The mere episodes—the descriptions or incidents, which are introduced simply to embellish, or perhaps to eke out the work to the orthodox measure of three duodecimo volumes—are always short. In the *Pickwick Papers*, on the other hand, some of the principal incidents and descriptions seem to have little or nothing to do with the general action of the piece; characters are taken up, dismissed and reproduced, at long intervals, or not reproduced at all. The scene shifts from place to place, with the stage-coaches which carry the "immortal Mr. Pickwick" and the whole machinery of the book to different parts of the country, much in the same manner as Richardson's caravan transports from town to town his company of strolling players. Upon the whole the work, considered as a work of fiction (which, we *presume*, it must be considered, notwithstanding the gravity with which the title-page assures us that it is a "faithful record"), reminds us strongly, in its general plan, of some of the tales of Fielding, Smollett, and others of our older novelists—tales which are, for the most part, a series of sketches of fictitious scenes and events having little mutual connection; a sort of book of travels, in which the author draws a little more largely than usual on the traveller's ancient privilege of telling extraordinary stories. They have little in common with the ordinary novel, except that the incidents are invented, and happen, for the most part, to the same character. The present work is, in fact, what its title tells us it is intended to be, "A Record of Perambulations, Perils, Travels, and Adventures."

From the first chapter, in which we are introduced to the members, and gratified with an account of the proceedings of the Pickwick Club, one would think that it was the author's intention to make himself merry with the harmless follies, and ludicrous enthusiasm, of certain learned or literary Societies; but, with the exception of some mention in the first page of a Paper of the "great Mr. Pickwick" himself, entitled, "Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats;" a reference to the unwearied researches of the same

* Reprinted, with quotations omitted, from *The Eclectic Review*, March, 1837.

scientific enthusiast in the neighbourhood of Hornsey, Highgate, Brixton, and Camberwell, and one or two other slight incidents in other parts of the work, there is nothing whatever which countenances such a supposition. The learned Pickwick Club, alas! soon degenerates, like most other clubs, into a society for eating, drinking, laughing, and merry-making. Probably this want of a pervading unity of design is to be attributed to the circumstances under which this series of lively sketches has been produced. They have been brought out in Monthly Numbers; and, when considered in this point of view, they display, it must be confessed, marvellous fertility of invention and facility of execution. But still, as the work was in all probability commenced before the author had projected the whole of his plan, or selected and distributed all his characters and incidents, this want of unity in the work, considered as a whole, was to be expected.

The author has evidently seen a great deal of human life, and viewed it with a very keen and observant eye. We have very rarely met with a writer who more quickly seizes peculiarities of character, or, what it is quite as difficult to seize, the external marks (often trifling enough) by which those peculiarities are indicated, and in which they are embodied. So completely is our author master of this latter art, that a few slight dashes will often give us a stronger conception of the character he designs to set before us, than the longest and most elaborate descriptions. His personages impress us with all the force and vividness of reality. They are not described—they are exhibited. He has also been equally happy in seizing those peculiarities which discriminate different classes of the community from one another; which mark the various *species* as strongly as other peculiarities do the individual. Bodies of men who live constantly together, associated by community of interest, of one rank, profession, trade, or craft, naturally fall into peculiarities of manner and of habit, which as strongly mark them as do the external badges which designate a particular guild, or an "Odd-Fellow's Club" on a gala-day.

These discriminating marks consist chiefly in peculiarities of manner and language, and our author, it must be confessed, has deeply studied both. In the latter especially he is without a rival; he seems to be quite master of the copious language of slang, with all its elegant varieties of idiom and dialect.

Though there is considerable variety of character in the *Pickwick Papers*, the principal part (in accordance with the serio-comic nature of the work) are taken from the middle or lower classes; from the Inns of Court, and all other inns; from the hospitals; from country towns and villages. The work abounds in pictures of lawyers, country magistrates, innumerable *species* of lawyers' clerks, several ditto of medical students, inn-keepers, waiters, chambermaids, boots (if this be the plural of the nondescript word), coachmen, cabmen, cads, &c., &c.

Our author has not given us any very extraordinary combinations of human intellect and passion. Such would not have suited the serio-comic. There are no persons of very exalted and sublime

virtue, nor any of those examples of utter and abandoned villainy, which it is the chief delight of many of our writers in fiction to represent. Still less are there any of those instances of preternatural and immaculate excellence which we should in vain look for anywhere but amongst the heroes and heroines of novels; nor of that superhuman and demoniacal wickedness, which may be pronounced about equally edifying and probable. It is humanity in its everyday dress—it is the little follies and foibles of our nature, which are our author's chief game.



MR. PICKWICK

From *Bell's Life in London*, 1838.

Drawn by Kenny Meadows.

Conformably with the general cast of his characters, and the scenes in which they act and move, the whole work is one of fun, mirth, and laughter; there is not a serious incident in the whole book, as far as yet published, unless a *marriage* might be so denominated.* The very distresses are all of a ludicrous kind, and,

* There are some short tales interspersed with the main story, which possess considerable pathos; still the author's pathos is by no means equal to his humour. The best of the serious tales are the "Stroller's Tale," the "Madman's Manuscript," and the "Convict's Return."

as an Irishman might say, the most tragic parts are all comic. There is not a single scene which can elicit a tear, except such as may be extorted, now and then, by an immoderate fit of laughter.

Many of the characters, it must be confessed, are masterpieces in their way. Our chief favourites are old Wardle, the warm-hearted, frank, hospitable English gentleman and farmer of Dingley Dell; Mr. Nupkins, the conceited and ignorant magistrate of Ipswich; Jingle, the swindler and adventurer, a strange compound of villainy and eccentricity; the old coachman, Sam Weller, and his son Sam, first introduced to us in the honourable situation of "Boots" at the White Hart Inn, Borough, and subsequently exalted to the post of servant to Mr. Pickwick himself. Sam (the younger, we mean), who is undoubtedly the prime character of the whole book, is admirably conceived, and as admirably sustained. He unites, in about equal measure, shrewdness and honesty; great attachment to his benefactor and master, with a very sagacious perception of his own interests; abundance of mother-wit, and a warm and honest heart. We know not what may be the fate reserved for honest Sam in the remaining eight numbers, which are to complete the work, but we trust it will be such as to keep up the interest with which he inspires the reader. Sooner than there should be anything to spoil him, we would rather that our author would do as Addison did with his favourite character, Sir Roger de Coverley, when in danger of being unworthily treated by Steele—*kill him out of hand*. Sam is about the most perfect example, in fictitious literature, of the very best specimens of the English lower classes. Of characters somewhat similar amongst the Scotch, Sir Walter Scott has given us several specimens. The English writers have not done equal justice to their own nation. When our writers of fiction have given us the *honest* Englishman, they have too often seemed to think that it was incumbent upon them to make him very *stupid*; and if they invested him with much *shrewdness*, he was almost sure to have a touch of the *knave*.—A crisis is evidently coming in Sam's fate, for he has just fallen in love with a good-looking, well-behaved servant-maid at Mr. Nupkins's, and has actually dispatched his first valentine to her. What may be the result it is impossible to say, for that which turned the brain of Solomon cannot be without danger to that of Sam Weller.

It is a very common remark that the heroes of novels are too generally the most insipid characters in the whole piece; in our judgment the *Pickwick Papers* furnish no exception to the general rule. There are no characters in the work who are not sketched with greater force and vividness than the members of the Pickwick Club. They want *individuality*. It is true there is some attempt to discriminate them at the outset; they are duly introduced to us in different coloured vestments, and their several qualities formally enumerated and catalogued. Mr. Tupman, it appears, is chiefly distinguished by a soft heart, and we think it may be said with equal truth, by a soft *head*. Mr. Winkle is a cockney sportsman, and of course enacts the usual absurdities, which from time im-

memorial have been fastened upon that very well-known character, on whose exploits some scores of caricaturists have subsisted ever since the invention of gunpowder. Mr. Snodgrass, we are informed, is poetic; but we have no proof whatever of his possessing this quality (which, however, we honestly confess, we by no means regret), except the editor's good word for it. Now, these characters were no doubt intended to be very absurd specimens of their various *kinds*; but then they ought to have been made to act and speak more in character; there should have been more individuality about them; they should not have simply belonged (as they all most incontestably do) to the *genus* "blockhead," but



SAMUEL WELLER

From *Bell's Life in London*, 1838.

Drawn by Kenny Meadows.

have been exhibited as belonging to different species of that very extensive class. But, with the exception of the aforesaid general catalogue of their qualities, Mr. Winkle's somewhat too practical demonstration of his character with his gun, and Mr. Tupman's extreme haste to fall in love, there is nothing which discriminates them. They are alike very solemn and deliberate simpletons. Change their names and their dress, and they might for the most part pass for one another, there being rarely in the dialogues any of those little characteristic touches with which the dialogue style of Sam Weller, junior, abounds. Though duly ticketed therefore

at first, and warranted to possess such-and-such qualities, the labels on their backs somewhat resemble those which are stuck on the show bottles in a druggist's shop window; the said bottles are inscribed, it is true, with very formidable names, but the contents, after all, are nothing but simple water, tintured with a little colouring matter. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle are, in like manner, mere water—every man of them; the only difference is a little innocent colouring matter.

About Mr. Pickwick himself there is somewhat more individuality, but there is a very grievous want of keeping and consistency. Nobody can reconcile the instances of absurdity and good sense which are alternately displayed in the conduct of Mr. Pickwick. Sometimes he is represented as saying or recording in his "Note Book" (by-the-bye, the frequent mention of that note book begins to be a nuisance), things which an idiot would not have believed, and at other times talking and acting like a person of excellent sense. We suppose we must set it down that he had a *monomania*—a monomania for inserting eminently silly things in his note book, though in all other respects a very sensible, well-meaning, worthy man. The general character which he exhibits is that of a very good-natured, benevolent, and somewhat weak-minded man. We are aware of our audacity in applying the epithet weak-minded to Mr. Pickwick, the "great Mr. Pickwick," the "immortal man;" but there is one comfort that he is dead; or better still, that he never existed, and will not therefore be hurt by the freedom of our observations. We trust the editor of his Posthumous Papers will be as little hurt by them.

Before we part with our author, we must be permitted to notice a few faults which we deem important, and which, in discharge of that duty we owe the public, we could not in conscience wholly pass over. First, then, we observe some few instances of profanity which we could readily dispense with; and some jokes, incidents, and allusions, which could hardly be read by a modest woman without blushing. If our author should tell us that those who would exhibit *human nature as it is*, in all its various phases and aspects, must make the vulgar and the vicious act fully up to their character in every particular, we deny any such necessity; and, to prove it, would adduce even our author's own practice, who, we cheerfully admit, does not often offend in this way. If it were necessary, in exhibiting certain characters, to be profane as often as *they* would have been profane, and to record every licentious jest which *they* would have uttered, a book, written on such principles, would often be nothing but one tissue of blasphemies and impurities, and could not fail to disgust even the coarsest reader. It is obviously necessary to stop somewhere, and we cannot but think that the better way would be to exclude all such matter altogether. As to its being necessary, in order to give force and vividness to character, we deny it. There will still be left quite a sufficient number of harmless peculiarities, both of manner and phraseology, to stamp it with individuality. In proof of this statement we would again refer to the author's own book. How

free are his best, most humorous, and characteristic scenes from all such offensive matter! How little, in the estimation of any sound-minded man, would they gain, or rather how much would they lose, from a prodigal introduction of oaths and coarse jests! How little do those passages which we have cited suffer from the omission of the few expressions of this nature which we have thought it our duty to suppress. If it should be urged still further that such matter is introduced for the sake of *increasing* the effect, and giving a zest to more sober wit, we first deny that any end could sanction the use of such means; and secondly, observe how very little such means really contribute to the proposed end! It will be found, by an inspection of the very best portions of the most witty writers, how very little they have stood in need of such



MR. PICKWICK IN THE POUND

From a drawing designed for "The Household Edition" by "Phiz." The figure only was used.

questionable auxiliaries. Take, for example, the finest parts of the Sketch Book (and, when our author is in his best moods, he often very strongly reminds us of Geoffry Crayon), or the very best papers of Addison and Steele; they are for the most part entirely free from everything that could call up a blush on the cheek of modesty, or offend the severest sense of propriety. The fact is, that profaneness and impropriety are often resorted to, not because those who resort to them are witty, but as a *substitute* for wit. They know there are many who can laugh at *such* things, upon whom the highest and most exquisite humour would be lost.

We have one more word to say, and then we have done with this unwelcome part of our critique. We observe that in one or two places the author has undertaken the dangerous task of making

sport of fanaticism and hypocrisy; we say dangerous, first because such matters are far too serious for sport, in the opinion of every right judging man; and, secondly, because, in too many instances readers who know little or nothing of what true religion means, are easily tempted to apply to everything which bears its impress, the name of cant, hypocrisy, and fanaticism.

We are far from denying that there are in every religious communion instances of men who assume a religious character in order to gratify the worst passions, but we must exclaim against the injustice (even if it were desirable to introduce such characters into a work of mere humour at all) of introducing them as if they were *specimens of a class*, instead of being, as they are, the very rare exceptions in *any* religious community. The author may not, it is true, expressly say that such as they are, such are the religionists to whose party they belong, but there is nothing said to the *contrary*; and the irreligious reader is left to draw the conclusion which his hatred of religion itself but too easily prompts him to draw. This was the course adopted by the infamous Foote, when he undertook to ridicule Whitfield and the Methodists in the "Minor." The Methodists have lived down the outrageous slanders with which they were then assailed, and the motives and feelings of their calumniators are but too well understood.

We must also put our author on his guard, lest in his doubtless very virtuous zeal to expose hypocrisy and "reverend vice" he should unconsciously ridicule doctrines and expressions which do not originate with the extravagancies of enthusiasts, but are part and parcel of the sacred Scripture. Thus, for example, we find Mr. Samuel Weller, senior (whose theological knowledge certainly cannot be expected to be very profound), expressing his unbounded surprise at the phrase "being born again," as though it had been part of the cant of that fanaticism which he so cordially abhorred. And this leads us to remark that, even if fanaticism and hypocrisy might be made the subject of mere jest at all (which we deny), to do it well would require a far more accurate knowledge of the truths and doctrines of real religion, and the peculiarities of religious character, than we ordinarily find in writers of fiction. But, while we make these remarks we are bound to say that the *Pickwick Papers* do not contain *much* of the offensive matter to which we now refer.

We have noticed a few minor literary faults, but we have neither space nor inclination to enlarge upon them. Some trifling inaccuracies would necessarily result from the mode of publication. We observe, also, some of the little tasteless artifices of the Cockney school here and there resorted to; such as the repetition of some trifling conceit, *ad nauseam*; or a frequent use of those hackneyed, threadbare and silly phrases, "organs of vision" for eyes; "auricular organs" for ears, &c., where plain, simple language would be in far truer taste, and have a far greater effect.

TOMPION, DICKENS AND PICKWICK

By HAROLD LEWIS, B.A.

UNQUESTIONABLY the mention of "a Tompion clock" in that marvellous description of the Great Pump Room at Bath, which forms part of Chapter XXXVI. of the *Pickwick Papers*, has conferred upon the maker an immortality which not all the exceeding merit of his work would have secured him outside the ranks of students of English clockmaking and collectors. It is, moreover, very likely, as Mr. Percy Fitzgerald suggests in a delightful contribution to *The Dickensian* for May, 1906, "that Boz, who had the most delicate sense of the grotesque in the world, saw something quaint in the very sound of the name." I am bound, however, to dissent from the insinuation that this was an "affected familiarity," or that "Boz mentions this clock in a curious way—as though it were celebrated; as if anyone were familiar with the particular make—as who should say 'a Joe Manton gun,' or 'a Panhard motor-car,' 'a Tompion clock.'"

In the first place a meaningless detail would be entirely out of harmony with the whole tone of the Bath scenes in *Pickwick*. Some things have, of course, changed since it was written—thus there are no longer three pump rooms—but "though I am native here and to the manner born" in "Ba-ath," I have always wondered not simply at the microscopic accuracy of the descriptions, but also at the skill with which, out of a multitude of facts, the most salient have been selected. For instance, "the yellow-looking tumblers" are peculiarly characteristic of Bath because they are so stained by the "killibeate."

Charles Dickens lived a century nearer the time of Thomas Tompion, F.R.S. and warden of the Clockmakers' Company, and knew more of him than the critic who writes, "this maker had a reputation with the scientific men, but the general public knew nothing of him." On the contrary, a writer in the *Collector's Magazine* for January, 1906, says, "Craftsman among craftsmen, the memory of Thomas Tompion stands foremost in British horology. To others had been ascribed the principle of the mechanism involved in the construction of the component parts of watch or clock; but the perfection of the ideal belongs exclusively to the country lad, whose life in the neighbourhood of Northhill in Bedfordshire gave little promise of future distinction and a resting-place in Westminster Abbey." He became the favourite watch-maker of the courts of Charles II. and of James II., and in 1675 made such a wonderful watch with a balance spring for the King that "its fame flew into France, from whence the Dauphine sent for two, which that eminent artist made for him." In 1700, the *Affairs of the World* reported that Tompion was going to build a great clock for St. Paul's at a cost of £4,000, and the project, though never carried out, is proof of his repute.

The warrant for the literary use of his name can be made stronger yet. In George Farquhar's comedy, *The Inconstant*, which Dickens

was more likely than a novelist of to-day to know, the lady who relieves Young Mirabel of his watch says, act iv., scene 2, "An English watch, Tompion's I presume." So far was this metonymy carried that in Bramston's *Art of Politicks*, published in 1729, we read:

"Think we that modern words eternal are?
Toupet, and Tompion, Cousins and Colmar
Hereafter will be called by some plain man
A Wig, a Watch, a pair of Stays, a Fan."

How far, it may be asked, had this prophecy of oblivion been fulfilled by the time that *Pickwick* was written? Not entirely, for Dean Stanley, in his *Memories of Westminster Abbey*, published in 1866, speaks of the removal of the slab over the grave of Tompion and his pupil Graham, at the beginning of the nineteenth century and says, "This change called forth many an indignant remonstrance from the humble but useful tribe who regarded the grave-stone as their 'Caaba.' Watchmakers, until prevented by recent restrictions, were in the habit of making frequent pilgrimages to the sacred spot," and the Dean caused a search to be made for the slab, which was found and restored to its place.

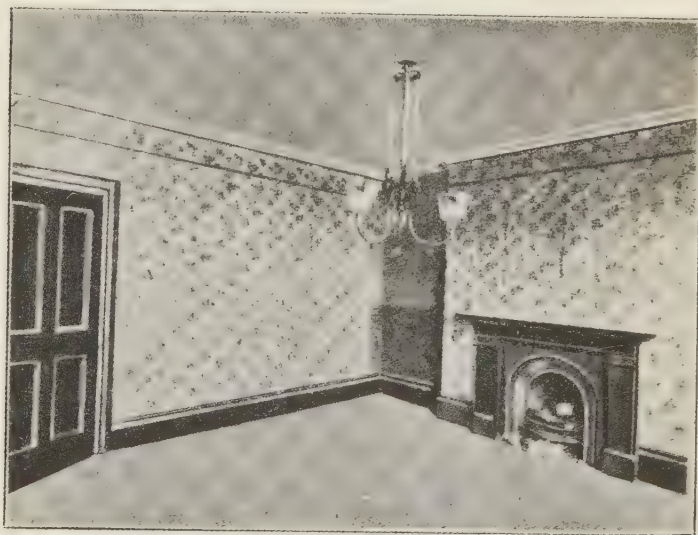
There is another way in which, I venture to submit, the name of Tompion may have become familiar to Boz. Dr. Doran, in his *Memories of Our Great Towns*, quotes a Bath Guide of 1709, which says, "The exact measure of the road from London to Bath, as it was measured by Mr. Tompion, the clockmaker in Fleet Street, London." This was the road over which the Pickwickians travelled to Bath, because their inventor had done so before them, and until the railways had come to sweep coaching information into the limbo of forgotten things, such road measurements would be as important to generation after generation of travellers as the time-tables of trains are to-day. It is quite likely that Charles Dickens, rushing about the country as he did when a young reporter, was given the mileage to Bath according to the measurement of Mr. Tompion, whose shop in Fleet Street was the last to be modernized. This was done in 1850. Curiously enough, it has been since 1868 the advertisement office of the *Daily News*, the paper of which Charles Dickens was first editor. This interesting circumstance has, of course, nothing to do with the mention of "a Tompion clock" in the *Pickwick Papers*, which, however, I trust I have shown to be quite as befitting as speaking of Chippendale looking-glasses or Sheraton cabinets. To Dickensians no apology need be offered for elaborating so small a detail, because it illustrates the important fact that precise accuracy regarding the slightest point selected for mention is one of the essential qualities which render Charles Dickens a model for all journalists as an unrivalled master of descriptive writing.

WHERE PICKWICK WAS CONCEIVED

FURNIVAL'S INN

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

A YOUNG fellow of twenty—bright, high-spirited, pushful, making friends “right and left,” and popular “on the press” as reporter and lively describer—such was Charles Dickens, when he went to take rooms in Furnival’s Inn. This was not the old picturesque enclosure with an effective gabled frontage to Holborn. The Inn had been levelled to the ground about 1820, and a new, uninteresting group of mansions erected—the work of one, Peto, at one time a well-known contractor—an insipid place, indeed, having the oddity of a large hotel towards the rear—“Wood’s Hotel”



ONE OF DICKENS'S ROOMS AT FURNIVAL'S INN WHERE THE EARLY PART OF
"THE PICKWICK PAPERS" WAS WRITTEN

—which was in favour with guests from the country. Long after, on the eve of his death, Boz bethought him of Wood's Hotel, and found a lodging for his dainty heroine, little Rosa Budd—which was engaged by Mr. Grewgious from over the way. It seems that Boz himself at one time stopped at Wood's Hotel, for in 1891, when I was writing on the place, Mr. Whaley, the proprietor, wrote to me: "I may state that he occupied the sitting-room and bed-room, Nos. 58 and 59, immediately over the entrance, for a period of six months, and it is not long since that the old waiter died who attended to him and who had great pride in showing the rooms to visitors." Mr. Peto or his friends thought it advisable that a statue should be set up in the centre of the enclosure—to commemorate the eminent

contractor himself—this, however, has disappeared with the levelled buildings. Little did that great man dream that his image should be thus carted away and its place taken by that of an obscure, penniless youth who was then living on the premises.

When he was at Wood's Hotel, we may presume he was looking about him, and trying if he was likely to relish the place. He was then on the *Chronicle*, fast getting forward as a useful "hand." It was at the Christmas of 1834 that he made up his mind to take rooms in the Inn—and in the ledgers of the Inn, which were laid before me, we can read:—

"No. 13. Three-pair back.

"MR. CHARLES DICKENS,

"Came Christmas, 1834. £35 5s.

"Paid."

He was evidently flourishing, as this was a "smart" rent. I recall the rooms—the entrance door was in a corner of the square, as you entered, and its steep and darkened stair led up to the modest rooms—three small chambers—almost at the very top. There, however, he remained only a year, when he shifted his quarters to

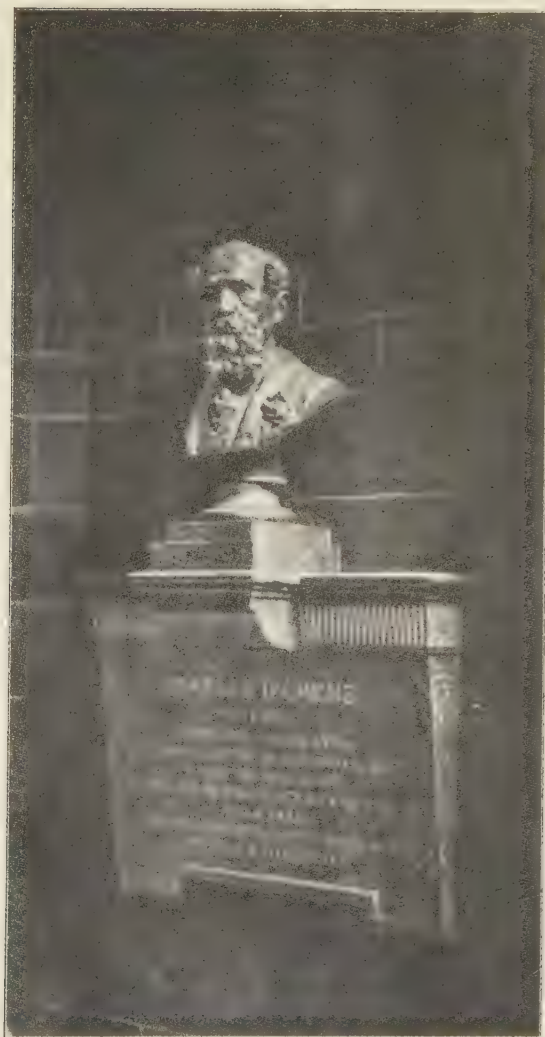
"No. 15, three-pair floor front, south, at £50 a year for three years certain,

	£	s.	d.
"From Christmas, 1835	35	15	0
On January 3, 1837, paid	50	0	0
„ November 20, 1837, paid	37	10	0
„ May, 1838, paid	25	0	0
„ December, 1838, paid	12	10	0
„ February 11, 1839, paid	25	0	0

No. 15 was also on the right, but nearer to the entrance. There seemed to be little changes in the fittings since Boz's time—there was still the brass-bound stair rail, on which the eager fingers had often rested as he bounded up to his rooms. Here lived later a lively writer, O. P. Q. Philander Smiff alias Doughty—a little but odd coincidence with the name Doughty Street.

Boz was married in April, 1836, and moved to a house in Doughty Street in February, 1837; so that for nearly two years he was paying a double rent. The marriage, two houses, increased rent—this was evidence of a growing prosperity.

It was when he was occupying his first chambers that he had that welcome, all-important visit from "Little Hall," of Chapman & Hall, to propose the subject of the immortal *Pickwick*. We cannot fix accurately what time this contract was made. It was certainly about the beginning of the year 1836, and therefore after Boz had moved to No. 15. In November, 1835, Edward Chapman tells us, after publishing the *Squib Annual*, there was some talk with Seymour of a new venture. One of Boz's letters to his *fiancée*, Catherine Hogarth, written early in the year 1836—in February perhaps—shows that the story was actually begun—almost before the contract



THE DICKENS MEMORIAL AT FURNIVAL'S INN

By permission of *The Ibis Magazine*.

was settled—for he tells her that he had just seen the Publishers, and that they were coming again for a final answer, and that he was to sit up and work at the story. Another letter was probably written on the next day—for he reports progress to her—that he had at that moment got *Pickwick* and his friends at Rochester—he had sketched in *Jingle*—and he was to get the party from the Ball at the Inn before he went to bed. He would thus have written about half the number before the Publishers presented themselves—and he probably read them out what he had done. It is a very buoyant and dashing specimen indeed.

The first two parts then were written in No. 15, one—or two—at Chalk, down in Kent, a place he once introduced me to on a walk. About twelve numbers appear to have been written at Furnival's and at this place. In March, 1837, he moved to Doughty Street, No. 48; a number or so was written at Broadstairs, in a house beside the Albion, but the others at his new residence. The first number, as he tells Seymour, had extraordinary success. It was "complete." But he was not satisfied with the design for the *Strollers'* tale. He asked him to come and meet the Publishers over a glass of Punch at Furnival's. Almost immediately followed the disastrous suicide, which might have shipwrecked the Book.

I was a good deal with the amiable author during the dozen years or so before his death, sometimes travelling with him on his reading tours, sometimes walking about with him, often at Gadshill, and constantly dropping in at Wellington Street.

But at that moment could he have anticipated a recent event in connection with Furnival's? What if some benign fairy had whispered in his ear as he walked, "That young man beside you will see your old Furnival quarters swept away, and a new grandiose pile reared in its place, and forty or fifty years hence, in its spacious entrance archway, will be placed a commemorative bust and tablet, the former the young man's own work and a respectable likeness, proclaimed in all the journals as the first memorial to Boz erected in London." The wildest and most far-fetched of dreams! Incredible almost! But that it should be reserved for the "follower" of Boz, and a spirited corporation, to make the first move in the matter is also extraordinary.

His marriage of course obliged him to leave Furnival's—as three rooms were not accommodation for a lady. But he had to "keep on" his chambers for two years—under the contract. What pleasant nights must they have seen! what jovial spirits—for if ever there was the gift of hospitality in human breast, it was in Boz's. It is clear that he always thought fondly of old Furnival's.

One might almost lament that it was not the older Furnival's—Inigo's—that was associated with Boz—and he missed it by only about a dozen years. For it is clear its grim old mysteries and antique attraction would have influenced him in a picturesque way. The new Furnival was almost repellant. Instead of making old Jack Bamber tell us his ghostly histories of Chambers and queer clients, he himself would have spun for us weird legends *galore*. We have only to look at the pictures to see this.

Boz was always partial to his early haunts, they were enshrined in his memory and he loved to bind them up with his stories. Thus in Chuzzlewit he set down John Westlock in Chambers at Furnival's, and all the incidents, &c., I have little doubt were faint, worn-out memories of his own, connected perhaps with some little hospitalities to his future wife and her sisters. "Fiery Face" also may have figured there. When some years ago the Prudential Assurance Company had acquired the properties on both sides of the road, Furnival's and Staple's with its rare but crazy old mansions, it was a fine uncommercial thing of them to stay the spoiler's hand—not to level—or raise beetling flats that would bring enormous profit. Instead they repaired tenderly and judiciously and set old Staple's Inn firmly upon its legs. This was doing honour to Boz. And now in this year of grace 1907, under the shelter of this arched gateway, to greet all customers, they have set up the genial features of Boz. Though they levelled the ungainly building—to the general applause—they remembered *him*.

SAMIVEL VELLER

(From BELL'S LIFE, Sunday, April 1, 1838)

STAUNCH comrade of the Pickwick corps,

To merriment a constant spur,
Who sported on thy skull of yore
A "ventilation gossamer."

Faith, thou'rt an out-and-outer thorough,
And much the public has admired you,
Since from "The White Hart" in the Borough,
Pickwick the philanthropic hired you.

Welcome, thou shrewd and trusty lad,
With sayings quaint and winning eye—
By Jove, this day we're very glad
Thou hast not proved an *alibi*.

To Pickwick-duty wide awake,
None in that service could be hotter;
Though you were once, and no mistake,
Completely diddled by Job Trotter.

Who can forget thy valentine,
With double-gilt edge ornamented,
When low you bent at Cupid's shrine,
By Mary's beauty "circumwented"?

Who can that knowing scheme forget,
When tried in sunshine or disaster,
Old dad arrested you for debt,
And locked you up with Pick, your master?

Who shall dispute Sam Weller's claim
To rank among the Pickwick sages?
Class'd with that honour'd Club, his fame
Shall flourish fair in future ages.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XXXII

The Fine Young English Gentleman

I'LL sing you a new-made song, but from no aged pate,
 Of a fine young English gentleman, whose *mind* is his estate,
 And who always keeps it furnished, at a bountiful old rate,
 With sad, and sweet, and merry tales, which in books he doth relate,
 Like a fine young English gentleman, a type of better times.
 His heart so true, the dwelling is, of all that's rich and rare,
 The mansion of the beautiful, the noble, and the fair.
 No guest so poor, he cannot find a hearty welcome there,
 While kindness sits with melting eyes, within the old arm-chair:
 God bless this fine young gentleman, this type of better times.
 He comes across the ocean waste, to see our western land,
 Where many a welcome grasp he'll meet, from many a friendly
 hand,
 And many a voice will cry to him, "Oh! still maintain your stand,
 And on hypocrisy and vice, still stamp the burning brand,"
 Like a fine young English gentleman, a type of better times.
 God speed him on his earthly course, and blessings on him pour,
 Grant to him rich and bounteous gifts, from Heaven's exhaustless
 store,
 Make him as life the longer lasts, but love mankind the more,
 And may he in a green old age, still flourish at four score,
 Like a fine *old* English gentleman, a blessing to his times.

WILLIAM JAMES HAMERSLEY,

Who was chairman at the dinner given to Dickens at Hartford, U.S.A., 1842.

ON BEHALF OF MR. JINGLE.

By LEICESTER ROMAYNE,

AUTHOR OF "THE SURVIVAL OF MRS. CRUPP," "MR. TIBBS'S STORY," ETC.

"NATUR" said Mr. Squeers, in a moralizing vein, "Natur is a rum 'un!" It is not for me to contradict the schoolmaster, and when I think of Mr. Squeers himself, I feel there must be some truth in the observation. There is, however, a method in her madness, and if "natur" has given us in the Yorkshire pedagogue a disagreeable villain she makes amends by presenting us in Mr. Jingle with a very pleasing rascal. In this connection it might indeed be shown that Mr. Jingle was eccentric rather than perverse, benevolent rather than malicious, and that if he sometimes adopted secret and devious ways to obtain his ends, Mr. Gabriel Parsons did no less when he made love below stairs on the kitchen dresser, and finished his courtship up the chimney. Mr. Jingle was a man of varied accomplishments who was not desirous of hiding them under a bushel. Of an eager and impetuous nature he was always at "full steam ahead," and no less an authority than the learned

Professor Woodensconce has declared that "a steamer always carries a little storm with it." On one occasion it will be remembered that Mr. Jingle carried Miss Rachel Wardle, and in this case the storm came after him. "Ah, Sir!" said an old lady, melted at the thought of Mr. Jingle's pecuniary embarrassments, and full of sympathy and Shakespeare, "Why did not the poor man boldly face his difficulties and make breast against a sea of troubles?" "How could this be, Madam," I replied, "when his 'long green coat' was bursting its buttons in front and parting at the seams behind? A sideways course was the only one open to him, Madam, it was the only way—and he took it!" The varied career of Mr. Jingle presents indeed many difficult problems, and is a fruitful source of speculation—but for what else are our philosophers required? Could we unwind these tangled skeins by the simple method proposed by Mrs. Nickleby in the case of the pseudo Master Snawley, what trouble and pother would be avoided! But alas! what problems can be solved by the scheme of "fish twice a week, and a pudding twice, or a dumpling or something of that sort?" Mr. Jingle under happier circumstances would have made himself a name, but Mr. Jingle like too many of us never found himself. It was left for Mr. Pickwick and his companions to be always finding Mr. Jingle. It is a matter for regret that our hero and Mr. Micawber never met, for I can conceive of no other man so completely realizing and fulfilling the great Micawber Ideal of something turning up! Mr. Alfred Jingle was essentially of the migratory order of human beings; not for him was it to move like Mr. Podsnap, with ponderous dignity through a world that "got up at eight, shaved close at a quarter past, breakfasted at nine" and so forth. Our Jingle was made of lighter stuff. That he had several "close shaves" is, to be sure, a matter of history, but they were neither formal in their character nor yet diurnal in their occurrence. No! Jingle was by nature a dragoman, a guide, a courier, a Cook's Agent. Think of the delight of joining Jingle and a merry company on a personally-conducted tour! Think of that Pickwickian journey to Rochester on a glorified European scale, and the dog story and Donna Christina in a sort of Tauchnitz edition! Lor-a-mussy! as Mrs. Bloss would exclaim, what a good man was wasted here! The elopement with Miss Wardle seems, indeed, to point to genius of a distinctly Cook-like order, and it is not improbable that Mr. Jingle was on this occasion simply endeavouring to organize a personally-conducted party among the guests and inmates at Mr. Wardle's house, and with characteristic energy and enthusiasm started before the arrangements were completed, leaving all but one of the party behind. Turning to the Bury St. Edmunds affair, Mr. Jingle's conduct does not seem to warrant the construction generally put upon it, and in setting the President of the Pickwick Club the task of climbing walls at midnight he does not appear to have been actuated by any other motive than a natural curiosity for beholding a philosopher putting to the test the soundness of his principles and the prickly nature of gooseberry bushes. As to Mr. Nupkin the magistrate, it is indeed amazing to think that after his treatment at the hands of this local tyrant, Mr. Pickwick should

have considered that any one could have possibly wronged such a gentleman by marrying into his family. What! did not Miss Henrietta Nupkin, too, mercilessly jilt his rival for the sake of Captain Fitz Marshall's larger fortune? Nay, nay, Nupkin me no Nupkins!

Some, indeed, and not a few of you dear pious ladies, would hold out hope for Mr. Jingle as a penitent, would point to the scene in the Fleet prison and bid us all take that edifying lesson to heart. But no, no, this will never do! Give me a naughty Jingle, give me a wicked Jingle, give me a Jingle with a knowing wink, a secret smirk; give me a Jingle with a bold impudent manner, a dog, a rascal of a fellow, but no repentant Jingle, no Jingle with a woe-begone countenance, no Jingle with authentic tears for me! The Jingle I would have should never blush for his dog story nor suffer qualms of conscience over Sir Thomas Blazo and the cricket match. What! but we must make the old man merry, we must set the young folk tripping with glee and laughter. 'Tis a dull stupid old world at best, and our unregenerate Jingles must be preserved at all costs, to promote the gaiety of nations. Many we can dispense with, but not our Jingle, the lively, the inimitable, with his staccato speech and his jaunty assertive air! Huzza! then, for Alfred Jingle, Esquire, of No Hall, Nowhere. Huzza! let us shake his hand and come accept his entertainment. What! has he not jewels, Sirs, has he not light-houses, has he not fish ponds for our delectation? Say, has he not "a whalery in the North Sea and oyster beds of great profit in the Pacific Ocean?"

MR. PICKWICK

(From BELL'S LIFE, Sunday, March 25, 1838)

OFFSPRING of Boz's fertile brain,
Whose bright creations never fail,
Enter our gallery with thy train—
Sire of the Pickwick Club, all hail!

Welcome, thou man of Goswell Street,
To warm and kindly feeling true;
And in *Bell's* sporting journal greet
Old friends this day with features new.

Enlarged in form, as thou in heart,
A gallant race well-braced to run,
With thee, old boy, we'll make a start,
Long trained to sport, and backed by fun.

Rivals before us soon must fall,
Or very far behind us follow;
The "go-by" *Bell* will give them all,
And distance competition hollow.

Come, then, old friend, and join our ranks,
And take with us a cheerful cup, man;
While gaily we recall the pranks
Of Winkle, Snodgrass, Sam, and Tupman.

A PICKWICK BOOK PLATE



THE many uses that the character of Mr. Pickwick has been put to, from advertising innumerable commodities to the embellishment of post cards, books, calendars, and other articles without number, is thoroughly exemplified in the Pickwick Exhibition. Here is yet another instance of his popularity and fame in the shape of the book plate of Mr. E. S. Williamson, of Toronto, whose ardent and enthusiastic admiration for the novelist is fully evidenced in the design. We assume that the books shown are the works of Dickens, and we dare say that Mr. Pickwick has been reading his own history, which we hope he has

enjoyed as much as the rest of the world has.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

David Copperfield. 2 volumes. In the "National" Edition. (Sold in sets only.) London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net each.

American Notes, &c.; *Dombey and Son*; and *a Child's History of England*. In the "Popular" Edition. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1s. net each cloth; 2s. net each leather.

A New Spirit of the Age. By R. H. Horne. With introduction by Walter Jerrold. (Containing chapters on Dickens and other contemporaries.) *Great Expectations*. With illustrations by Warwick Goble. World's Classics. London: Henry Frowde. 1s. net.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Charles Dickens and Fumival's Inn." With picture of the Dickens Memorial. *The Ibis Magazine*. June. (Prudential Assurance Company.)

"Round Rochester with Dickens." By E. Basil Lupton. Photos by H. J. Glaisher. *The Home Counties Magazine*. July.

"Dickens Fellowship." *Madame*. June 22.

"The Gordon Riots." By J. A. Smith. (Dickens and *Barnaby Rudge*.) *Catholic Home Journal*. June 18.

"An Untraced Article by Dickens." Letter from B. W. Matz. *Athenæum*. July 6.

"Eatanswill: its Gazette." By Edwin S. Crandon. *Boston Transcript* (U.S.A.). June 13.

"The Character of David Copperfield." By the Rev. Wilfred Lescher, O.P. *The Catholic Fireside*. June 29.

"The Children of Dickens." *Little Folks*. June and July.

"The Pickwick Exhibition." By J. W. T. Ley. *T. P.'s Weekly*. June 20.

"The London of Dickens." (The Lounger.) Illus. *Putnam's Monthly*. July.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

SUDBURY AND "EATANSWILL"

SIR,—I have before me a book by Mr. Alfred Rimmer, entitled *About England with Dickens* (published in 1883 by Messrs. Chatto & Windus), in which I observe a reference to Sudbury as Eatanswill, which, in view of the recent discussion on this subject, is of some interest.

Mr. Rimmer—who, by the way, mis-spells the name of this famous borough—writes:—"Eatonswill is, of course, entirely a fictitious place, quite as much so as Muggleton. It was situated on the Norwich Road, and Pickwick, accompanied by his three faithful followers, and this time by Sam Weller, booked places on the Norwich coach, and went there to pursue their investigations and researches."

On the next page Mr. Rimmer adds:—"We might possibly consider that Eatonswill was Sudbury, though this is more from its locality than any other connecting circumstance. . . ."

Personally, I feel convinced that it was Sudbury Dickens had in mind.

Yours faithfully,

JACK SHAW.

IVANHOE, SKERRIES, CO. DUBLIN, *June 25, 1907.*

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

HASTINGS.—There was a large attendance in the Queen's Hotel Assembly Rooms last month, when the final meeting of the session of the local branch of the Dickens' Fellowship was held. Mr. Wilson Crewdson, J.P., presided, and the feature of the evening was a capital lecture on "Dickens—Walker and Writer," by Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, who said that Charles Dickens was a born walker, and went on to speak of many of the rambles he had made and of the characters he had met and probably introduced into his books. The most interesting study for man was the study of his fellow men, and wherever there was matter to be heard and learnt, Dickens carried his keen observation and unparalleled study. Dickens had immortalized himself by his wonderful descriptions of London and London life, but there were also passages in his works which proved his thorough knowledge of the country-side; of country sights and scenes he was a perfect painter. How could they know the country except by walking through it and vagabondizing in it. That was what Dickens did. The lecturer read several brief passages from Dickens's works to show how minute he was in describing the routes traversed by his characters.

TORONTO.—The breach of promise trial, *Bardell v. Pickwick*, by "The Dickens' Fellowship Company of Players," which had been in preparation for some time, was most successfully presented in May. The first intention was to give only two performances at the Conservatory Music Hall, but the entire seating capacity of the hall for both nights was taken up within a few hours after the tickets were placed on sale, and two extra nights had to be immediately arranged for. The branch presented an original adaptation of the play by Mr. J. W. Bengough, in which the fainting scene in Mr. Pickwick's apartments at Goswell Street is introduced as a prologue. The four large audiences which attended the performances were delighted with the work of the company. The play ran as smoothly as if given by professionals, and very favourable comments appeared in the local press. From the proceeds of the play the branch has in hand a considerable sum for the maintenance of the Dickens Cot, and is also in a position to make substantial contributions to other charitable objects, such as the summer Fresh Air Funds for the children of the poor.



THE PICKWICK EXHIBITION

A CORNER OF THE ROOM CONTAINING BOOKS, MUSIC, RELICS, TOPOGRAPHICAL PICTURES, &c.

Photo, by T. W. Tyrrell.